



From the original in the collection of Robert Coster

THE TWO SIDES OF A LINCOLN AND HAMLIN CAMPAIGN MEDAL
(TWICE THE DIAMETER OF THE ORIGINAL)

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SIDE-LIGHTS ON LINCOLN

I. HIS CAMPAIGN SCRAP-BOOK

THE campaign of 1856 was one of the most acute and momentous struggles in the political history of our country. In the vigorous and progressive element which had broken away from the reactionary and futile policy of the Whig Party, not the least conspicuous and memorable figure was Abraham Lincoln, who only a short time before, as he himself has testified, had been awakened from years of inaction by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and now took his place in the advancing column, armed and equipped for the battle.

Among some papers that came into my hands a few years ago is the correspondence of Mr. Lincoln during this stirring and eventful period. The demands for him apparently came from every part of the country. Not only Washburne, Judd, Yates, Trumbull, and others of equal prominence in Illinois, made requisition for his help, but calls came from points far beyond the boundaries of the State. Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, with both of whom he served in Congress, appealed to him.

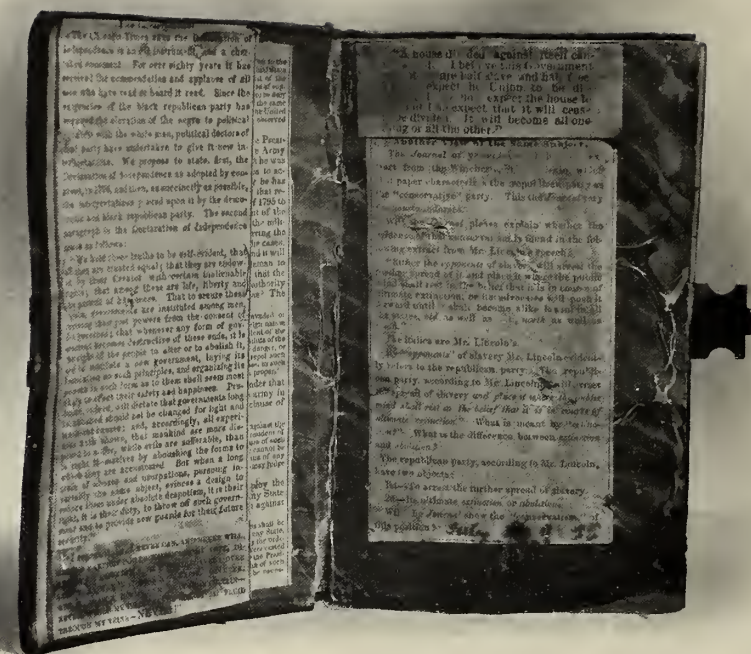
"You may start on the one great issue of returning Kansas and Nebraska to freedom," wrote Giddings, "or, rather, of re-

storing the Missouri Compromise, and no power on earth can withstand you on that issue."

"Your noble speech at Jacksonville last Saturday," wrote J. B. Turner of that place, "fired anew all hearts, and strengthened all hands. You held a great audience in breathless attention for some three hours in sunshine and rain, with their umbrellas over their heads, still shouting, 'Go on!'"

To him who read aright the signs of the times, the mighty forces were then assembling, and the contest of 1858 was not far away.

About twenty-five years ago it was my good fortune to come across the evidences of Mr. Lincoln's careful preparation for what is now conceded to be the greatest forensic combat in American political history. At the request of Mr. Herndon, formerly Lincoln's law partner, I had gone to Springfield to join him in arranging for orderly preservation his very valuable collection of Lincolniana. Some papers were still stored in a room overlooking the court-house square. In a pasteboard box, lacking the lid, filled with a profusion of old papers, Mr. Herndon found a small book, and, after knocking off its coat of dust, sat for a time deeply absorbed in it. Presently he rose, and placing the book



TWO PAGES OF LINCOLN'S SCRAP-BOOK THAT WAS OF SERVICE
IN HIS DEBATES WITH SENATOR DOUGLAS

in my hands, said: "Here is the greatest find of all, and I trust you will preserve it; for in its pages you will find carefully stored all the ammunition which Mr. Lincoln saw fit to gather as a preparation for his battle with Stephen A. Douglas." He thereupon explained that, seeing the contest of 1858 approaching, Mr. Lincoln took this book, originally a reference note-book, and began to paste on its pages newspaper-clippings, tables of statistics, extracts from Mr. Douglas's speeches, and other

EXTERIOR OF LINCOLN'S SMALL
SCRAP-BOOK

similar data bearing on the great and absorbing questions then before the people. When this little storehouse of material became full, Mr. Lincoln fastened the clasp, put the book in his inside coat-pocket, there to repose during the campaign, and to be drawn upon whenever the exigencies of debate should so require.

There is a significance in the very order or arrangement of the material. The first item is a newspaper article containing the second paragraph of the Declaration of In-

dependence, beginning: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," etc.

It was followed by a paragraph from a speech by Mr. Lincoln's great political exemplar, Henry Clay: "I repeat, Sir, I never can and never will and no earthly power will make me vote directly or indirectly to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist. Never while reason holds her seat in my brain—never while my heart sends the vital fluid through my veins—NEVER!"

Next in order comes the opening paragraph from his now famous house-divided-against-itself speech, accepting the nomination for United States Senator. There were fully two hundred clippings in the book, including tables of figures and a few written memoranda. Prominent in the

collection were extracts from current editorials in some of the leading Southern newspapers, inserted, no doubt, to bring into relief the extreme side of the question. As these journals supported the policy of the National Administration then in power, we can imagine the zest with which Mr. Lincoln must have used these radical expressions in his attacks on slavery.

After the election in November, 1858, Mr. Lincoln wrote to his old friend Dr. A. G. Henry: "I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I could have had in no other way; and though I sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

Jesse W. Weik.

II. LINCOLN AMONG LAWYERS

ONE morning in the autumn of 1856 or 1857, while I was sitting at my desk in my law office in Chicago, a friend came in, accompanied by Mr. Lincoln, whom I had never seen before. Although I was a youngster and had been at the bar only a short time, I of course knew him by reputation as one of the distinguished lights, as well as one of the leaders in the State, of a political party rapidly growing in power and already dominating the northern half of Illinois. His personality, therefore, interested me. As he stood in the office that day, he was a tall, thin, sallow-complexioned, clean-shaven man wearing a rather shabby high hat, a well-worn frock-coat, and trousers of rusty black, a turndown collar, and a narrow, black-ribbon necktie. After the usual salutations, Mr. Lincoln expressed the desire to consult some of the books in the library, which he was cordially invited to do, and he thereupon drew up a chair to the book-shelves. He remained there reading for perhaps an hour, but finally rose and approached me with a book in his hand, which he asked if he might take away with him, as there were some things in it that he wished to read with more care than he then had the time to do. The book was "Littleton on Tenures," at that time out of print and very rare. My copy,

which I had picked up at an auction sale, fully looked its age, for although it had once been bound in the best English law calf, time and hard usage had deprived it of one of its lids. The necessary assent being accorded, Mr. Lincoln put it under his arm, bade me adieu, and left the office.

I had quite forgotten about the visit when one day Mr. Lincoln again walked into the office and handed me the book with a brand-new cover on it, saying: "Tree, I have come to return you the book I borrowed, and I hope you don't mind my having had a new cover put on it. It is too good a book for the disreputable-looking one it had."

Thus began an acquaintance which not long afterward resulted in the law firm of Lincoln & Herndon becoming the business correspondents of my firm at Springfield, while, on the other hand, they sometimes called into requisition our services to facilitate the cases they nearly always had pending in the United States Court at Chicago. This is told only by way of introducing an incident that serves to illustrate Lincoln's modesty in placing a value upon his professional labor even at the very close of his legal career.

Sometime in 1859 we retained Lincoln & Herndon for a client of ours, resident in another State, in an action on a promissory

note for several thousand dollars. Following the usual practice of our office in like instances, I myself drew the declaration in the case before sending the papers to the Springfield attorneys.

A few months later, in the spring of 1860, I received a telegram from Mr. Lincoln to the effect that the case was to come to trial the next day and that he wished me to be present to assist in it. On arriving at Springfield the following morning, I went at once to Mr. Lincoln's office, and we went over to the court prepared to enter a legal contest. It turned out, however, to be a false alarm, the defendant virtually making default, and the court entering judgment for the sum claimed by the plaintiff. The judgment was subsequently paid by the defendant, and the amount was remitted to us by Lincoln & Herndon.

One morning in the following January, Mr. Lincoln, who in the meantime had been elected President, made his appearance in our office. He had on a spick-and-span new suit of black, with a brand-new high hat, and was altogether more smartly attired than I had ever seen him before. After a few moments of conversation, he said, "Tree, you know I am going to Washington, and expect to be absent four years, so I am endeavoring to arrange all my little business matters before I go, and I thought I would come in to see you this morning, and, if convenient, we might settle about the fees in the case in which we recovered judgment last spring and subsequently collected and remitted to you." I replied: "Certainly, Mr. Lincoln. What is the amount of your fees?" "Well," he said, "you know you paid us a retainer of twenty-five dollars, and I think seventy-five dollars more would be about right."

"But," I answered, "do you think that is sufficient for your services in the case?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "there was not much to be done. You drew the declaration yourself, the defendant substantially made default, and after he paid us the judgment, we had only to buy a draft and remit you the money, and I think seventy-five dollars more is about enough for what we did in the case."

As the money belonged to our clients, which we were to disburse for the attorney's fees, and not to us, I could not argue the question of the sufficiency of them

with him, although they struck me even at that time, when lawyers had not learned to make their charges so large as they have since, as extremely modest for the collection by suit of a sum as great as the one in question, especially as I knew he had prepared himself for a contest the morning we went over to the court together. I handed him a check for the sum named, and that is the last time I ever saw him in life.

Speaking of Lincoln as a lawyer, Leonard Swett, his contemporary and friend, once told me that Lincoln was not worth a cent in a case in which he did not believe. In this connection, he related an incident of Lincoln and himself being appointed by Judge David Davis to defend a man indicted for murder who was supposed to be without means to retain a lawyer. However, the prisoner had friends who were able to raise one hundred dollars for his defense. The money was turned over to Swett, who handed half of it to Lincoln. When they came to consult with the prisoner, Lincoln became convinced that he was guilty and that the only chance of saving his neck was to have him plead guilty and then appeal to the court for leniency. This was opposed by Swett, who was an extremely adroit criminal lawyer. The case, therefore, came to trial, but Lincoln, though present and sitting beside Swett, took no part in it further than to make an occasional suggestion to his associate in the course of the examination of witnesses. The outcome of the case, thanks to technicalities which unexpectedly appeared, and which Swett was not slow to take advantage of, was that the man was acquitted. When the jury rendered its verdict, Lincoln reached over Swett's shoulder, with the fifty dollars in his hand, and said: "Here, Swett, take this money. It is yours. You earned it, not I."

Lincoln's career as a lawyer shows him in an amiable light and as a man who cherished no malice; and this was equally true even in the midst of the most heated political contests. It was indeed a beautiful side of his character, for no man in politics was ever more frequently called upon, prior to his election to the Presidency at least, to drink to the dregs the bitter cup of political disappointment.

In the old Whig days in Illinois, as

well as for some time after the birth of the Republican Party, General U. P. Linder was a very prominent figure in the politics of the State on the Democratic side, and at one time occupied the position of attorney-general. He was without doubt the most brilliant orator in Illinois of his period. Often the darts of sarcasm which he hurled without mercy left rankling sores that did not easily heal. Lincoln, always found battling on the opposite side from Linder, was not exempt from his shafts, and doubtless had received more than one wound that hurt him for the moment.

A few days after the death of Lincoln, a meeting of the bar was called, very appropriately, in the United States Circuit Court room, where he was an enrolled member and which was the arena of many of his forensic struggles. Many tributes were paid to the dead President and, at the last, Linder rose. He seemed much affected. After speaking of his long acquaintance with Lincoln, and the fact well known to his auditors of having often crossed swords with him, he said there were one or two incidents that he thought it was proper to refer to—most painful incidents in his own life—which illustrated better than the most eloquent phrases he could make use of the kindness and nobility of Lincoln's nature. Only a few years before the election of Lincoln to the Presidency his, Linder's, son had the misfortune to kill a man and was indicted for murder. It was at a period of great political excitement, and General Linder, as usual, was taking a prominent part in the campaign. There appeared to be a disposition in some quarters to secure the

conviction of the son, with a view to the humiliation of the father. To this end, it was rumored that Lincoln had been retained to assist the prosecuting attorney of the county. Linder soon after met Lincoln in the street, and, after saluting him, said:

"Lincoln, I hear that you have been retained to assist in the prosecution of my boy."

Lincoln looked at him with that far-away gaze in his eyes that at times was so marked a feature in his expression, and simply replied, "Linder, do you believe me capable of accepting a retainer to prosecute your son for murder?" and immediately walked away. On the trial, with which, of course, Lincoln had nothing to do, the young man was acquitted.

The second incident related by General Linder was that, years afterward, when the Civil War broke out, the same son went south and joined a Confederate regiment. In the course of the fortunes of war he was captured and sent to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington. His father wrote to the President, asking the favor of his release and return home. Days and weeks elapsed, and receiving no response to his letter, Linder had given up hope of a favorable outcome to his request, when, on Christmas eve, he received a telegram from the President, saying: "I am sending your boy to you to-day as a Christmas present. Keep him at home."

Nothing which had been said at the meeting, though there were many fine tributes, spoke so eloquently of the fine side of Lincoln's nature as these two simple anecdotes related by his former political foe.

Lambert Tree.

III. HOW LINCOLN WAS CONVINCED OF GENERAL SCOTT'S LOYALTY

LETTERS threatening that, even if elected, he would never be permitted to survive his inauguration, began to reach Mr. Lincoln early in the autumn of 1860. Of course they invariably reached the wastebasket. But after the election in November these messages increased so materially both in violence and in numbers that the President-elect realized that he could no longer afford to ignore them.

Late in January, 1861, he sent for Thomas S. Mather, a young man in Springfield who was then Adjutant-General of Illinois. Mather was asked if he would be willing to visit Washington to ascertain what the real military conditions were. After Mather had consented, Mr. Lincoln directed him to call on General Winfield Scott, apprise him of the threats that had been received, and learn from him

what efforts were being made to protect the President-elect.

General Mather told the writer that he was charged to learn beyond doubt if General Scott was really and unreservedly for the Union in all circumstances. " 'Senator Seward, Mr. Washburne, and other good friends,' explained Mr. Lincoln, 'have certified to General Scott's loyalty, high character, and personal integrity, and he himself has written to me offering his services without reserve; but he is a Virginian, you know, and while I have no reason or evidence to warrant me in questioning him or his motives, still, I shall feel better satisfied if you will visit him in my behalf. When you call, insist on a personal interview, and do not leave till you have seen and sounded him. Listen to the old man and look him in the face, note carefully what he says and how he says it, and then, when you return with your report, I shall probably be well enough informed to determine with some degree of accuracy where he stands and what to expect of him.'

"Having reached Washington," continued Mather, "I learned that General Scott was sick at home. I went at once to his residence. The servant declined to take up my card, saying the general was too ill to receive any one. The next morning I reappeared, only to be told that the general was still unable to see visitors. Thereupon I drew from my pocket the letter which Mr. Lincoln had given me. 'It is very important,' I contended, 'and should be delivered at once.' In a few moments I heard something of a commotion in what I took to be the general's bedroom. I attributed it to the hasty preparations for my reception. Presently I was invited up-stairs into the sick man's

chamber. There, propped up in bed by an embankment of pillows, lay the hero of Lundy's Lane, grizzly, wrinkled, and pale. His hair and beard were disordered, and his flesh lay in rolls across his warty face and neck. His breathing was labored and difficult. In his trembling hand lay Lincoln's letter.

" 'You may present my compliments to Mr. Lincoln when you reach Springfield,' he said in a wheezy voice, 'and tell him I shall expect him to come on to Washington as soon as he is ready. Say to him also that, when once here, I shall consider myself responsible for his safety. If necessary, I shall plant cannon at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, and if any of the Maryland or Virginia gentlemen who have become so threatening and troublesome of late show their heads or even venture to raise a finger, I shall blow them to hell!'

"I shall never forget the scene nor how profoundly the old soldier seemed to be wrought up," said Mather. "His trembling frame and flashing eyes betokened his unequivocal and righteous indignation at the perfidy of those of his countrymen who were so willing to destroy the Union which he had fought long and ardently to maintain.

"I reached Springfield and made my report to Mr. Lincoln. Of General Scott's positive and unreserved loyalty I myself entertained no doubt whatever, and I so assured Mr. Lincoln. This was of course very gratifying information. From this time forward, as far as I could observe, he gave the local situation in Washington no further concern, and went ahead with his preparations for the inaugural journey."

Jesse W. Weik.

IV. LINCOLN BREAKS McCLELLAN'S PROMISE

[THE following incident is from the journal of Dr. Horace Green, one of the foremost physicians of his day, who showed his patriotism by equipping a company in response to the call to arms.]

Monday morning, [June 17, 1862] At the solicitation of Gen'l Wetmore, & a Mr. Burns, I left early in the morning for Washington, for the purpose of doing

everything in my power for the sick soldiers, many hundreds of whom I found at White House [Virginia], sick and wounded, and most inadequately provided for in hospital accommodations. Many were confined on steamboats, which were lying in the Pamunky River, a dirty, muddy stream, and were obliged to drink bad water; and others were in hospital tents, pitched on

muddy grounds, whilst the "White House" and grounds of Gen'l Lee, . . . a beautiful and extensive lawn, high, dry, and finely shaded, with an excellent well, or spring, of excellent water, & abundant, were carefully guarded by *our* soldiers, so that not a spear of its grass or a drop of its cooling waters could be enjoyed by our sick soldiers! (Certainly not without a special pass.) . . . I therefore, on reaching Baltimore, repaired to Washington, &, accompanied by Gen'l Wetmore of New York, called first on the Sec'y of War, Mr. Stanton, to whom I stated the case from a *medical* point of view. We also called on the Surgeon Gen'l, Dr. Hammond, and both of them admitted the propriety of the grounds being surrendered for hospital purposes. Still, neither of these gentlemen seemed willing or had the power to exercise the responsibility! I then requested Gen. Wetmore to introduce me to the President, whom I had never seen. Mr. Lincoln rec'd us very kindly, and heard my statements patiently, as well as those of Gen. W., who had introduced me as "high medical authority, Pres't of the New York Medical College," &c., "one who could state what he had seen in regard to the wants of our sick & wounded soldiers, and how much *they needed these very grounds*," &c. All this *flourish*, however, had but little effect upon the President, for after hearing my brief statement, he immediately replied:

"Gentlemen, I understand all this matter perfectly well. It is only a political raid against Gen'l McClellan. Gen'l McClellan does not choose to give up these grounds, and a political party is determined that he shall be compelled to do it. There is no necessity that this property should be used for this purpose. I have within three days," continued the Pres't, "seen a telegram from Gen'l McC. to the Sec'y of War, declaring that there was plenty of grounds outside of the White House property suitable for hospital tents, and plenty of water elsewhere," and he repeated that the attempt to obtain these premises came from "a political party opposed to Gen'l McClellan."

I was slightly disturbed by this, but was determined not to be *put down* in this way. I said coolly, but decidedly:

"Mr. President, you must allow me to undeceive you so far as I myself am con-

cerned. I, Sir, am no politician. I speak as a *medical man*. And so far from being opposed to Gen'l McClellan, he is the son of one of my old professors at Philadelphia, and I have always been his friend, and am so up to this hour. But I speak of what I *do know*; and on my reputation as a medical man I assure you, Sir, that our soldiers are dying there daily for the want of just such a place, and such accommodations as the grounds, especially those about the White House, can supply. At present the hospital tents are placed on the damp, low, and marshy grounds surrounding the place, where the sick and wounded are constantly breathing the malarious and damp atmosphere, and are drinking the muddy waters of the Pamunky—an atmosphere and water which would, in this hot weather, make a well man sick in less than a week."

"But," said Mr. Lincoln, "I am told that the house will hold only some 25 to 30 patients at the utmost."

"The house, Sir," I replied, "will contain many more than that number; for I examined, a few days ago, the entire house, and it contains room enough for double that number. But, Sir, we care nothing about having the *house*. It is the fine, dry, & shaded lawn about the house, and the spring of excellent water thereon, that are needed; for hospital tents of the present day, pitched on good ground, furnish the best & healthiest hospitals in use; and all the injury that would accrue to this place, to use the grounds for this purpose, would be the loss of the grass from shaving the lawn. And I believe, Sir, it would be the means of saving many valuable lives of your soldiers."

I saw that these remarks, uttered earnestly but respectfully, were the first that made any impression upon the President. He said:

"Well, Dr. Green, I will tell you the truth of the case. Gen'l McClellan promised Mrs. Gen'l Lee that those grounds should be protected from all injury, and that is the reason he does n't want them used."

I said: "I admire, Sir, the gallantry of the Gen'l in this matter; but, Sir, are our brave soldiers to die off like rotten sheep there because Gen'l McClellan chooses to protect the grounds of a rebel?"

"Well," said the President, "such is

the case. McClellan has made this promise, but I think it is wrong; I believe what you say in reference to this matter. He does n't want to break the promise he has made, and [with emphasis] *I will break it for him.*" And turning to Gen'l Wetmore and Mr. Burns, he said: "You, Gentlemen, say that Mr. Stanton will direct these grounds to be used for this purpose if the Surg'n-Gen'l will make the requisition?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wetmore.

"Then go at once and get and bring me these papers. This business must be settled now, done up at once!"

The result of this interview was that President Lincoln gave an order to Mr. Burns requiring Gen. McClellan to relinquish the White House & grounds to be used for hospital purposes, which order was complied with at once.

Horace Green.

V. HIS ANXIETY ABOUT SHERMAN'S MARCH

ONCE I was brought face to face alone with President Lincoln. As a young lieutenant I had been disabled from field-service by a wound received while in the Army of the Cumberland. I was ordered to Washington, and eventually to duty in the War Department as one of the assistants to the Adjutant-General. Occasionally I had had glimpses of the tall form of the President as he passed along the corridors of the old War Department building, but no more.

One somber afternoon about February 10, 1865, I had occasion to make a business call on Major Eckert, who was then in charge of the Government telegraphic work. As I entered, I supposed the room to be vacant until I discovered two persons leaning in the embrasure of a distant window. They were scrutinizing a paper, which, from its yellow color, announced it to be a manifold copy of a telegraphic despatch. One of the men, Major Eckert, approached, took my errand, and abruptly left for the operating-room. Then I saw the tall form of the President emerge from the concealing drapery, his high silk hat on, and his shoulders covered with a man's large tweed shawl of the fashion then common. He slowly advanced, still intent on the paper, and called out in a high, strident voice, "Where is Salkehatchie?"

"Major Eckert has gone out a moment, Mr. President," I said, "and I do not know, sir."

"There is a map on the wall," he said, still reading. "It ought to be northwest from Savannah, in South Carolina."

I looked in vain on the large common map of the United States, and so said. As

he approached, his face was most solemn, almost mournful, anxious, and impressive with its large, prominent features lined and cross-lined with deep seams. I know I was visibly affected, for presently his eye caught mine, and his whole countenance lighted up with a lively smile. He then took off his hat, and pleasantly remarked, "This is out of respect to General Sherman's despatch and"—hesitatingly—"my eyesight." This kindly, gentlemanly act set me at ease. He also failed to find Salkehatchie.

Just then, Major Eckert returned, and Mr. Lincoln repeated his inquiry. The major produced a large-scale war-map of the region. While I held one end, and the major the other, the President found the place, and with face abstracted and in deep anxiety studied for some time the whole region. From the occasional remarks that he dropped I gathered that this was the first intelligence from General Sherman after his march was resumed from the sea about Savannah in his progress northward, and it was still problematical whether his immediate objective was Charleston or Columbia; also, that he was then obstructed, floundering in swamps and streams with high water. The distressful anxiety of the President as he endeavored to trace the footsteps of the army is vivid in my memory.

President Lincoln's habit of bringing relief from overwhelming cares by indulgence in humor is well known. One day a gentleman came direct from the White House to General Townsend's room, where I was, his face beaming with laughter. He had half a sheet of fool's-cap-paper, the ink on which had been so badly smeared as to be scarcely legible:

He said he had written this at the President's suggestion, hastily, in his presence, and had handed it to him without noticing that the ink had run badly. The President had worked over it a moment, and then had said, "Colonel, you will have to have this copied." But still retaining it, presently he began to laugh, saying, "No, we will keep it, because, you know, it reminds me so much of that little man out in Illinois whose legs were so short that when he walked in the snow his body obliterated his tracks."

How well I remember the scene of the lying in state of the President's body at night in the rotunda of the city hall in Chicago! Adjutant-General E. D. Townsend, my chief, was to go on guard duty from midnight until two o'clock, and as I was in uniform, he said it would be proper for me to stand by him, if I wished.

It was a most impressive scene. The stately emblems of woe, and the hour, would have evoked the due solemnity; but the tribute of the living as they continuously passed by the face of the dead, was even more imposing. They streamed by throughout the hours, with no vulgar curiosity, but moved as by a personal loss.

G. S. Carpenter.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE DAUGHTER OF THE
LATE GENERAL CARPENTER:

Some days after President Lincoln's death, but before the arrival of the cortège in Chicago, Lieutenant Carpenter had the honor to be detailed to take the three boxes of Mr. Lincoln's private papers from Washington to Bloomington, Illinois. A sergeant and three men completed the escort, and the boxes were given over to Lieutenant Carpenter by Secretary Stanton in person. When the boxes were piled in the wagon preparatory to being taken to the train, Secretary Stanton said:

"Lieutenant, have you counted those boxes?"

"No, sir," answered Lieutenant Carpenter.

"Young man," replied Stanton tartly, "count them at once, and have the sergeant and the men count them after you."

The rest of the instructions were to deliver the boxes into the custody of the National Bank at Bloomington, and never for one instant during the trip to allow the boxes out of sight of two of the men of the escort. It is needless to say that thereafter the Lieutenant counted the boxes at every change of station.

Laura Balch Carpenter.



Drawn by George Varian

LINCOLN AND THE MAP

VI. LINCOLN'S READING AND MODESTY

It has generally been assumed by Lincoln's biographers and eulogists that in literature he was brought up on the Bible and a few law-books, that there were few other books in Illinois in his day, and that his style in his letters and speeches was a miraculous gift of some sort. But there were plenty of books in Illinois in Lincoln's day, as many people still living can testify, and as for Lincoln's reading, the following incident may prove suggestive: Poe's "The Raven and Other Poems" was published (in yellow paper covers) for the first time in New York in 1845. Lincoln knew of Poe's writings, or at least discov-

ered Poe's genius in "The Raven" at that time, for he bought a copy of the book, and sometime in 1847 sent it to the wife of the congressman who sat beside him in the House of Representatives. The yellow cover bore the inscription, "Mrs. John Van Dyke, with the regards of A. Lincoln." That Lincoln read it there can be little doubt. He had recently been married, and perhaps was well disposed toward poetic sentiment. And then, again, he may have been reading poetry from his early youth. Who knows? Because an event is not recorded, can it be assumed that it never happened? Lincoln never

talked about his reading, being a modest man in all things; but certainly his speeches and letters are not those of an "unread" man. They are not filled with pedantic quotations, but they have a swing to them that shows a sense of style and a recognition of that quality.

As for Lincoln's modesty, it never showed in a more characteristic way than at the time of the Philadelphia Convention of 1856, when he received 110 votes for the Vice-Presidential nomination. The congressman who sat beside him in the House of Representatives, was a delegate to that convention, and in a speech he paid a high tribute to Lincoln,—“He did you great

credit,” wrote one of Lincoln's friends,—but he insisted that Lincoln was the man to head the ticket in 1860, and should not be nominated for second place in 1856. So the ticket was made up as Frémont and Dayton. Lincoln wrote at once to his eulogist, saying: “Allow me to thank you for your kind notice of me in the Philadelphia Convention. When you meet Judge Dayton, present my respects and tell him I think him a far better man than I for the position he is in, and that I shall support him and Colonel Frémont most cordially. . . .” Nothing could be franker or more modest than that.

John C. Van Dyke.

VII. TWO ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN

IN June, 1887, at a dinner given by Mr. David M. Edgerton, formerly President of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Wyandotte, Kansas, John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior under Lincoln, said:

“When the war broke out, I knew that the railroad from Baltimore to Harrisburg, the Northern Central of Pennsylvania, was bound to be good property, for soldiers and people devoted to the preservation of the Union traveling to Washington would necessarily be transported over it. The stock was then worth only a few cents on the dollar. I knew that from the necessity of the case it would advance in value to par or nearly so. I bought large blocks of it, and told Mr. Lincoln that if he would give me ten thousand dollars, I would make him all the money he wanted.”

Being asked if Mr. Lincoln was inclined to do it, Mr. Usher said No. He himself considered the investment proper, but evidently Lincoln thought otherwise.

Another anecdote related to Mr. Usher ran as follows:

“While yet a young lawyer, Mr. Lincoln concluded to run for the State legislature, and in those days any one who desired to run for office had only to announce himself a candidate in the papers or at a

public meeting. Mr. Lincoln rode to an adjoining town, where a political meeting was to be held.

“As he rode along the street, his attention was attracted to a new house, more pretentious than its neighbors. Erected upon the roof he noticed pointed iron rods, At the tavern he inquired their purpose, and learned that they were lightning-rods.

“At the meeting he found the person then speaking to be the owner of this house and his rival. The latter made so much sport of Mr. Lincoln that Lincoln's friends became discouraged and dejected. But as the meeting was about to break up, Mr. Lincoln rose and said that he would like to say a few words.

“Beginning modestly, he soon engaged and held attention, until, as he concluded, he added: ‘My friends, I am a young man, and whether I shall live a few years or many I do not know, but I hope that while I do live I shall so conduct myself that it will not be necessary for me to put a lightning-rod on my house to save me from the vengeance of Almighty God.’ He had struck the key-note, and he was carried from the meeting by his friends, and was elected.”

Recorded by David Morgan Edgerton.